



Any (shyly)—So, in compassion, I—
1-kissed him. Mamie—For pity's sake!
—New York Journal.

He—But you might in time learn to
like me. She—It is not impossible, if
you will keep out of my sight.—Boston
Transcript.

"Do you know I don't think much of
Mawson." "You don't have to. You
can also Mawson up in two seconds."
—Brooklyn Life.

Heggy—Aw—Miss Guance, youah all
ways in my mind, don'tcher know. Miss
Grace—Goodness! that is worse than
living in a flat.—Up-to-Date.

He—She told me I was the light of
her heart. She—Then what? He—
Well, her old man came down and put
the light out.—Columbus Journal.

Her Father—Have you heard my
daughter sing, young man? Edwin—
(nervously)—Ye-es—sir—but in spite of
that—I should like to have her, sir.—
Ally Sloper.

Tommy—A lighthouse is a sign of
rocks isn't it, paw? Mr. Figg—It de-
pends on whether you are referring to
the seashore or the drama.—Indian-
apolis Journal.

Kallie De Witt—Do you play whist,
Mr. Lange? Willie Lange—Me play
whist? Well, I don't think. Kallie De
Witte—Ah, true! I had forgotten that.
—Brooklyn Life.

"No, I never take the newspapers
home; I've a family of grown-up
daughters, you know." "Papers too
full of crime, eh?" "No, too full of
bargain sales."—Truth.

Edith—She sings like a canary. Ber-
tha—Oh, no! a canary begins to sing
when people commence to talk; people
commence to talk when she begins to
sing.—Boston Transcript.

The Missing Evidence.—Hattie—
Maude doesn't show her age at all,
does she? Ella—No; but you can see
where she scratched it out of the fam-
ily Bible.—Chicago News.

Tommy—Paw, what sort of a fighter
is a "cyclone fighter"? Mr. Figg—I
don't know much about fighters, but I
suppose it is one who goes blowing
around.—Indianapolis Journal.

His opinion—"What are you doing,
Jimmie?" "Readin' th' dictionary
through." "How do you like it?" "Oh,
some o' th' words is good, but others
hain't much sense in 'em."—Judge.

"Does that baby of yours talk yet?"
"His mother says he does; but if it is
talk, then the kid has invented a new
code of slang that will make him fa-
mous."—Philadelphia North American.

Old Million—My dear Miss Young-
thing, if you'd only marry me, I could
die happy. Miss Youngthing—Why,
Mr. Million, if you were dying, I'd mar-
ry you in a minute.—New York Weekly.

Ethel—Have you noticed how Lord
Slabedrop drops his aspirates? Penel-
ope—Oh, but that's nothing to the way
he drops his vowels—papa says he has
got more than a dozen of his i-o-u-a-
Judge.

"Why does the baron look so glum?"
I thought he had just married an hei-
ress. "So he has; but he speculated a
few days after the marriage and lost
the better half of his wife."—Fleegende
Blatter.

Mr. Romans—I tell you what, a baby
brightens up the house, and that's a
fact. Mr. Fractickel—Yes; we've had
to keep the gas burning all night ever
since ours was born.—Philadelphia
Record.

"What in thunder do you mean," asked
the city editor, "by comparing the
air to frozen guanine?" "I meant to
say," said the new reporter, with proud
humility, "that it was bitter cold."—
Indianapolis Journal.

Dollie—I wonder why Love is repre-
sented always with wings? Mollie—
They are for him to use in flying out
of the window when Poverty comes in at
the door. Don't you know that much?
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Do you think that glasses tend to
weaken the sight?" asked Col. Still-
well's friend. And after pensive con-
sideration the colonel replied: "It de-
pends, suh, intially on how many you
take."—Washington Star.

"Is your sister at home, Willie?"
asked Willie's sister's young man.
"No; I heard her say she was engaged
this afternoon—but don't be frightened;
I don't think it's a marrying engage-
ment."—Harper's Bazar.

Unscientific.—First Arctic Explorer—
I have always considered Columbus a
somewhat over-estimated man. Second
Arctic Explorer—Why? First Arctic
Explorer—He discovered America the
first time he went to look for it.—Puck.

"Robinson, the electrician, is positive-
ly the meanest man I ever heard of."
"How's that?" "He persuaded his wife
to wear an electric seal sacque on the
ground that it would be an advertise-
ment for his business."—Chicago News.

"I have received nineteen proposals
in the last two months." "You don't
say! What a large number of suitors
you must have. Whom were the propo-
sals from?" "One from Charlie and
eighteen from that French count."—
Judge.

"I should like to know your inten-
tions, sir," said the old man to the
youth who had been calling on his
daughter with great regularity for a
long time. "Same here," replied the
young man promptly, "I'd like to know
yours."—Chicago Post.

"How can you say such cruel things
of your antagonists in debate?" she in-
quired reproachfully of the statesman.
"Oh," was the reply, "that's easy
enough. I keep a scrapbook, and when
my own ideas give out I go to that."—
Washington Star.

"Brown is a lucky fellow. He has so
little ear for music that he doesn't
know one popular air from another."
"I'm better off than Brown. I can re-
cognize one of them before it gets start-
ed. So I have a chance to run."—In-
dianapolis Journal.

The gossip that the milk men give
their patrons should be called "Chalk
Talks."

When in doubt, say nothing.

CANADA'S FAMOUS ENGINEER.

William Ogilvie Knows All About

William Ogilvie, the great geodetic
coast survey engineer of Canada,
knows more about the Klondike and
gold fields than most of the men who
have already made fortunes out of the
Yukon discoveries. As a matter of
fact, it was Mr. Ogilvie who told many
a poor man just where to go and what
to do to make himself rich. He not only
knows the ins and outs of the Klondike
country, but he is familiar with all
the country over an immense tract ly-
ing between the Yukon and the Arctic
Ocean. He made several surveys of the
boundary and he has always been
clever enough to get the disputed land
on the British side of the imaginary
line that separates Alaska from the
British possessions.

Mr. Ogilvie is 52 years of age. He
was born on April 7, 1846, in the County
of Russell, province of Ontario, not
many miles below Ottawa. He re-
ceived an appointment under the gov-
ernment of Canada as a surveyor in
1875, and in October, 1880, was ap-
pointed by the present government
chief clerk and astronomer in the sur-
veys branch of the department of the
interior, which position he still holds.

When the news of the rich deposits of
gold in the Yukon began to spread in
1895 Inspector Constantine was sent
there with a detachment of mounted
police. The greater part of the mining
was then being done on the tributaries
of Forty Mile and Sixty Mile creeks,
close to the one hundred and forty-first
meridian, and it became necessary that
a definition of the line in this neighbor-
hood should be had, and this work has
been entrusted to Mr. Ogilvie, who had been
commissioned in 1887 to produce the



WILLIAM OGILVIE.

line of the one hundred and forty-first
meridian, which, according to treaty,
constitutes the boundary line between
Alaska and the British possessions. In
1887 he went in over the Chilkoot Pass,
making a micrometer survey from the
coast to the one hundred and forty-
first meridian, and then by a series of
lunar culminations determined the po-
sition of the meridian, finding that
Cudahy and Forty Mile were both in
Canadian territory. He left Ottawa
again for the Yukon on June 10, 1895,
and did not see home again until De-
cember, 1897, although he came out
from Dawson City on July 15 last. While
in the Klondike he made a sur-
vey of Dawson City in order that it
should be properly laid out, and acted
as arbitrator in settling several of the
mining disputes in cases where the dis-
putants voluntarily agreed to refer the
matter to him and abide by his deci-
sion.

FIGHT IN THE AIR.

Battle Royal Between a Gray and a

A man sat on the sands at Capron In-
let, opposite Fort Pierce, and admired
the graceful flight of an osprey, says
the Jacksonville Florida Citizen. About
fifty yards above the blue water, he
wheeled on widespread pinions, direct-
ing his course by a motion of his tail of
a curve of the wing. Presently he bal-
anced himself, the wings shut on the
body and he plunged into a long swell
and rose with a splash in his talons. With
a scream of exultation he shook him-
self free of moisture, like a dog, and
circled to attain sufficient altitude to
clear the woods.

But a fishing eagle, twice his weight,
had seen the performance, and answer-
ed the scream. He mounted to strike,
and the osprey, burdened as he was,
gave up the contest and dropped the
fish. With a swing, the fisher turned
and caught it and flew low to regain
the blasted pine and feast.

But out of the blue came another
scream and a dim spot detached itself
from a cloud and moved straight on the
scene of action. The fisher heard the
cry of battle, and he knew he was lost
if the bald eagle struck him with a
swoop. Hastily he turned and flew al-
most directly upward, still holding his
prize. The osprey soared back with
shrill whistlings, as if he mocked the
efforts of the robber.

The bald eagle screamed again and
was answered by the gray. The bald
came with leveled head, like an arrow
from the bow—the fisher still struggled
for an equal position. Then the bald
curved the forward edge of his great
wings and started downward. The gray
dropped the mullet and turned upside
down in midair, with beak and talons
ready. The osprey caught the mullet
and sailed homeward.

Then the two great birds struck with
a thud, distinctly heard below, though
they must have been half a mile in the
air. Feathers flew as if you had ripped
a pillow in a strong breeze, and
as the two fell, it could be seen that
the talons of the bald straddled the
body of the gray and were buried at
the roots of the wings. But the gray's
beak tore at the throat of the bald,
while his claws were busy tearing like
the jaws of a wolf who fights a bull-
dog. Their wings beat each other as a
goose fights, and they tumbled over and
over, slanting to the sea. As they
touched the water each broke its hold
and made for the shore. The gray fell
in the edge of the woods, the bald land-
ed on a tree, nearly fell, and leaped
against the trunk for support as it sat
in the crotch.

Even Worse than Death.

Jack Potts—What will you charge to
make a good stout poker trunk?
Trunkmaker—What do you mean by
"poker" trunk?
Jack Potts—One that holds four
kings.

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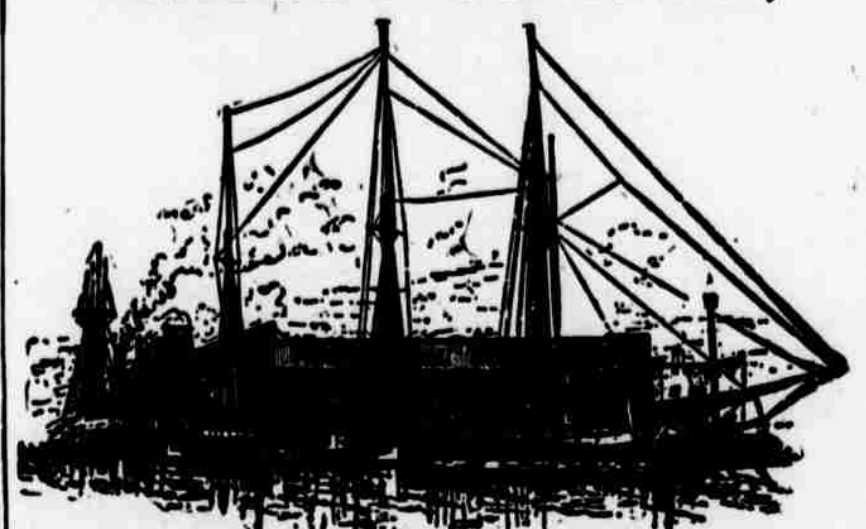
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